Act One

Overture
Prelude
A Head Without a Heart
Straight Ahead
What Could Go Wrong*
Perfect Stranger
A Long Time Coming
Business
The Leader
Any Fool Could See
Thief in the Night
Trust in Your Heart
Welcome Home*
Hell or High Water

Act Two

No Turning Back
For Better or Worse
Ten Years On
What Price a Friend
Love Has Power
The Beggar
Ulysses Prayer
A Horse With No Rider
Inside Outside
The Balance Shifts
Oh Paris
Finale

*CASSETTE & COMPACT DISC ONLY

PARIS

He Followed His Heart,
He Trusted The Gods,
He Should Have Known Better !

PARIS

Music and Lyrics by Jon English and David Mackay *

An Introduction

Paris is for all intents and purposes a love story.
Under the iron-clad umbrella of 'poetic licence' a lot of the major characters and deities have been relegated to minor roles and some of the original legend has been left on the cutting room floor as it were. The 'beauty contest' has been shortened to only a vague reference, and the fact that Paris was killed on the battlefields before the fall of Troy has been ignored in favour of a more continuous interpretation.
In fact, when gathering all bits of information, it becomes clear that each written reference to the Trojan War merely reflects what the authors wanted to make of it rather than a series of 'facts', if the term 'fact' can be applied in any way to a myth. It is clear that over the centuries the Trojan War has developed its own set of apocrypha to apply at the time that each particular version was being written. Successive ages saw the war as sometimes pagan, sometimes pastoral.
Still the Trojan War survives the centuries as perhaps the most famous war ever. The mythical prototype against which all wars are seen.
'Paris' is simply the story of Paris' involvement in the war, and the struggle to maintain some balance between passion and order, law and chaos, or, if you like the head and the heart. Each character is flawed by his or her own imbalance between these two forces, and the resultant struggle is reflected both internally and externally. It is no surprise that a war that started through greed, lust and anger, was resolved by cold cunning and logic.
'Paris' also gives an opportunity to explore the darker side of love; it's obsessiveness and all consuming passion regardless of the consequences. In Sir Michael Tippett's 'King Priam' he neatly sums up the resolute and tenacious passion that is the catalyst for the war, when, in speaking to Hector s wife and Queen Hecuba on the eve of the fall of Troy, Helen says:

"Women like you, wives and mothers,
cannot know what men may feel with me....
Intolerable desire, burning ecstasy.
All prices paid, all honour lost in this bewilderment.
Immortal, incommensurable.
Love such as this stretches up to heaven, for it reaches down to hell."

This then, is our own offering to the legend, its simplicity of theme merely reflects the strength of its content throughout the ages. A truly classical story, treated with respect, and (I suspect) our own version of Helen's 'immortal and incommensurable love'.....

Jon English 1990.

(*with collaboration from John Dallimore, John Coker, Greg Henson, Keith Kerwin, Tony Mitchell, Graham Matters and Roger Dallimore)

The Cast

The Trojans

John Parr - Paris
Jon English - Hector
Sheryl Parker - Cassandra
Terence Donovan - Priam
Mariette Rups-Donnelly - Hecuba
Trevor White - Aenaes
Gareth Mortimer - Laocoen
Michael-John Hurney - Helmsman
Paul Johnstone - Soldier
Elfed Hayes - Soldier
Steve Kidd - Soldier
Christopher Fairbanks - Opening Narration

with **The London Symphony Orchestra**
and **The London Philharmonia Choir**

The Greeks

Sheila Parker - Helen
Bernard "Doc" Neeson - Achilles
Joe Fagin - Menelaus
John Waters - Agamemnon
Harry Nilsson - Ulysses
Philip Quast - Patroclus
Barry Humphries - Sinon
Francis Rossi - Thersites
Demis Roussos - Talthybius
David Atkins - Ajax
Angela Ayers - Handmaiden
Adrian Payne - Fisherman
Simon Burke - Diamede
Keith Kerwin - Herald

Ladies

Eve Graham
Debbi Ross
Kristina Young
Val McKenna
Susie Webb
Sheryl Parker
Sheila Parker

Gentleman

Elfed Hayes
Danny Finn
John Bryant
Jon English
Joe Fagin
Gareth Mortimer
John Parr
John Waters
Trevor White

Background Vocals:
(Head Without a Heart)
The Woldingham School Choir

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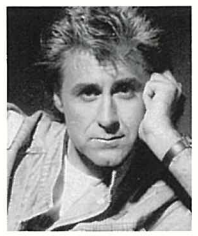
Jon English appears by kind permission of BMG Records
Bernard "Doc" Neeson appears by kind permission of Mushroom Records
Harry Nilsson appears by kind permission of Hawkeye Entertainment Inc.
Francis Rossi appears by kind permission of Polygram Records
Demis Roussos appears by kind permission of Bovema - EMI Records



JOHN PARR

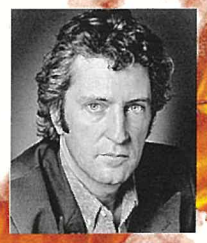
SHEILA PARKER

JON ENGLISH

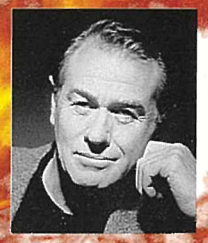
BERNARD (DOC) NEESON

SHERYL PARKER

JOE FAGIN

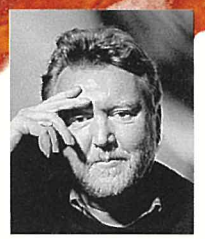


JOHN WATERS

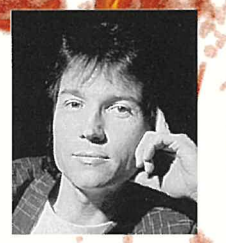


TERENCE DONOVAN

MARIETTE RUPS-DONNELLY



HARRY NILSSON



TREVOR WHITE

PHILIP QUAST

GARETH MORTIMER

BARRY HUMPHRIES

FRANCIS ROSSI

DEMIS ROUSSOS

DAVID ATKINS

ANGELA AYERS

ADRIAN PAYNE

DAVID MACKAY

THE CHARACTERS

PARIS: .....YOUNGEST SON OF PRIAM - PRINCE OF TROY

HELEN: .....WIFE OF MENALAUS - QUEEN OF SPARTA

CASSANDRA: .....PRINCESS OF TROY, AND PROPHETESS - DOOMED TO SEE ALL HER PROPHETIC WARNINGS IGNORED

HECTOR: .....SECOND IN LINE TO THE TROJAN THRONE - WARRIOR AND MASTER OF THE TROJAN DEFENCES

ACHILLES:.....PRINCE OF THE MYRMIDONS OF PYTHIA IN THESSALY - THE STRONGEST WARRIOR IN THE KNOWN WORLD, AND ALMOST INVULNERABLE DUE TO A BLESSING FROM THE GODS. BUT LIKE MOST DIVINE BLESSINGS, HAS A FATAL FLAW.

MENELAUS:.....KING OF SPARTA - HUSBAND OF HELEN

AGAMEMNON:.....ELDER BROTHER OF MENELAUS, AND KING OF MYCENAE. COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GREEK FORCES AT TROY.

ULYSSES: .....KING OF ITHACA - INTELLIGENT AND BRAVE. ALSO BLESSED AND CURSED.

PATROCLUS: .....CONFIDANT AND ONLY TRUE FRIEND OF ACHILLES.

PRIAM:.....KING OF TROY. FATHER OF PARIS, HECTOR AND CASSANDRA. HUSBAND OF HECUBA.

AENEAS:.....TROJAN NOBLE AND SEA CAPTAIN, SECOND-IN-COMMAND TO HECTOR.

LAOCOEN: .....HIGH PRIEST OF TROY - THE ONLY ONE WHO LISTENS TO CASSANDRA.

HECUBA:.....WIFE OF PRIAM, MOTHER OF PARIS, HECTOR AND CASSANDRA.

HANDMAIDEN:.....HELEN'S PERSONAL SLAVE.

FISHERMAN: .....OLD FRIEND AND CONFIDANT TO HELEN.

SINON: .....INEPT, 'PRESS-GANGED' VOLUNTEER, GREEK SOLDIER.

THERSITES & TALTHYBIUS:.....TWO RELUCTANT, BUMBLING AND INEBRIATED GREEK SOLDIERS.

Synopsis

Act One

Paris, the shepherd prince of Troy, dreams of one day breaking away and seeing the world. One night in his dreams he is visited by the Goddess Aphrodite (the Goddess of Love and Passion) who tells him he will gain the hand of the most beautiful woman in existence if he acknowledges her as the most beautiful of all the Gods. Paris agrees. **(Overture/Prelude)**

Laocœn, the High Priest of Troy and Cassandra, the Princess of Troy, pray for balance between Aphrodite and Athena for they realise that any shift in the balance will result in destruction. Cassandra's curse is that she knows all that will happen and that no one will believe her. King Priam of Troy has charged one of his noble subjects, Æneas, with a mission to Greece to establish peaceful trade relations. Æneas is also told to take custody of Paris, Priam s younger son, in order to show the boy the ways of the world outside Troy. Paris is overjoyed and cannot wait to escape. Cassandra, however, fears the results of this journey.

(Head without a heart)

There is a large jubilant party atmosphere as Æneas's ship prepares to depart. **(Straight Ahead)**

Paris is still excited and full of confidence as the ship departs the harbour. A storm is brewing but it cannot dampen his spirits. Æneas and the rest of the crew shout warnings to go below but Paris ignores them, totally carried away by the moment. Paris is soon washed overboard by a huge wave. **(What could go wrong?)**

He is drowning, he sees visions of nymphs, satyrs and finally Aphrodite beckoning him towards them. He strikes out with renewed vigour. Just as his strength gives out he discovers he can touch the bottom, and with the aid of Aphrodite, who has miraculously gained human form, drags himself ashore.

He lapses into unconsciousness. We soon realise what appears to be Aphrodite is in fact a real person who is joined by another maiden and an old man. They argue over what to do with Paris and it comes to light that Aphrodite is in fact Helen, wife of Menelaus - The King of Sparta. The other maiden and the old man are her handmaiden and a fisherman. Paris awakes and addresses Helen as Aphrodite, further adding to the confusion, and swears his life long devotion to her. To the concern of the fisherman, Helen seems to respond. **(Perfect stranger)** Against their wishes, Helen tells them to care for him. She can't quite decide herself why she should take so much interest in a half-drowned stranger, but her own stars have pointed to changes in her life, which she looks forward to, as she is strangely dissatisfied.

(Long Time Coming)

Helen is travelling towards her husband's court where her presence is needed as he is conducting a meeting involving nearly all of the Greek Heads of State.

Menelaus's brother, Agamemnon, has been trying to convince him that a war against Troy would be both profitable and easy. Menelaus is still unsure of his feelings towards this action but agrees to put it to a vote.

All the Warlords are gathered and there is a feeling of unease, particularly voiced by Ulysses who doubts the wisdom of war and mistrusts Agamemnon. Patroclus stands and addresses the council telling them that any thought of war is fruitless without his best friend Achilles being present. He believes Achilles is the foremost warrior on earth and the only person qualified to lead the Greek armies. Agamemnon is unmoved, and Menelaus calls for a roll of the dice to choose the leader. Agamemnon's dice are apparently blessed by the Gods and he manages to gain the leadership for himself. **(Business)**

The remaining Greek Chieftains are still dubious of Agamemnon's motives for war, particularly when Achilles bursts in and accuses them of being cowards or worse. He feels that he has been robbed of the leadership by Agamemnons careful planning of his absence, but he will follow the vote under sufferance as most present realise who is the true leader anyway. **(The Leader)**

The moment is broken by a guard announcing that they have captured a stranger skulking around the Palace gates, who claims he is a Trojan Prince. Paris is brought forward dressed in the fisherman's clothes much to the amusement of the assembled Greeks. Helen, who has just arrived, is horrified. Ulysses, however, recognises his claim immediately by the ring on Paris's finger.

Agamemnon leaps at his chance by welcoming Paris with open arms much to everyone's confusion. When Agamemnon starts prying Paris for details of Trojan defences however, most people understand his motives.

Paris has not uttered a word so far, he is just standing dumbstruck staring at Helen. When he finally voices the opinion that the Greeks must surely be the chosen race in order to have Aphrodite sit in their court, Agamemnon offers a private audience for him.

Paris is led away amid Helen's fury. She turns on Agamemnon and accuses him of toying with the balance and inviting ruin upon everyone. She says she will go and visit Paris but warns her husband that no good will come of playing Agamemnon's games.

After she leaves, Ulysses agrees with her argument, and urges the remaining Greeks to find a better reason to leave their homeland than to embark upon a war merely for personal gain.

Agamemnon is infuriated and tells them of voices in the night urging him on. He stalks out leaving the others with their doubts.

Meanwhile in Paris's chambers, Paris has thrown himself at Helen's feet vowing lifelong devotion to her **(Aphrodite)**. Helen is still angry and tells him who she really is and how any fool could see that she is mortal and an enemy. Paris is unabashed and asks her if she is in fact an enemy, and has no feelings for his devotions, why is she angry?

Helen has no answer and confides that she doesn't understand either but she will help him escape.

Helen formulates a plan. With the aid of her handmaiden, she can get him past the guards to the cliffs where they can send word to Æneas's galley that he is waiting.

Paris tentatively moves toward her and takes her hand, meaning to thank her. This somehow developes into a kiss, which Helen at first resists, but finally returns, with as much passion as Paris. They finally break apart. The handmaiden is smiling and blushing furiously, while Helen is uncharacteristically flustered.

Paris is totally smitten. Helen takes his hand and leads him to a secret exit. The handmaiden follows.

Unfortunately for them, Agamemnon has been hiding in the shadows, and listening to most of the conversation.

He stands for a moment, smiling to himself, before summoning the guards to fetch his brother Menelaus and the rest of the Greeks.

When they arrive, he tells them that Paris has abducted Helen, and therefore has proved himself and all of Troy an enemy to be reckoned with.

Menelaus is furious and dispatches many men to find them before they escape. **(Any fool could see)**

It is nightime on the cliffs. Helen, the handmaiden, and Paris are waiting for a sign from Æneas's boat. Paris is despondent, he believes that he is about to be betrayed by fate. He is trying to convince Helen that the feelings they might share are a gift from the Gods and they are destined to be together. Helen, ever the realist, admits finally that she is very attracted to him but reality dictates that they must never see each other again..... Suddenly, they are discovered by two Greek guards. They are immediately called on to surrender.

Helen tries to dismiss them but they take no notice and seize the handmaiden by the hair, preparing to cut off her head. With a cry of, No...She is innocent!! Paris hurls himself at the Greeks and is busy grappling with one of them as the other continues with the attempted execution of the maid.

Helen grabs a rock and crashes it down on the executioner's head then turns just in time to see Paris about to recieve a fatal sword thrust from the other guard. She picks up the fallen Greek's sword and at the last minute reverses the blade and knocks out Paris's assailant. The handmaiden has recovered and has spotted Æneas's galley and is frantically waving. Helen looks across the cliffs and sees many more Greeks hurrying towards them, but too far off to see precisely what is going on. She grabs Paris by the arm and hurls him off the cliffs towards the galley, she then turns and tells the handmaiden to run, as she is now free.

She looks down at the fallen Greeks, then to the sword still in her hands. She takes one last look at the advancing Greek guards, and dives into the sea after Paris.....The Greeks arrive to find the two prone soldiers, and no sign of the handmaiden. They then spot the lights of Æneas's galley just as a breathless Menelaus and Agamemnon arrive with the rest of the Greek Captains. Menelaus takes one look at the scene and swears an impassioned oath to the Gods that he will not rest until his poor wife is back by his side and the Trojan nation is punished for its perfidity. The other Greeks echo his oath except for Agamemnon, who stays in the shadows offering his own silent prayer of thanks **(Thief in the Night)**.

On the galley we find Helen, wrapped in a blanket and staring silently out to sea as the ship makes its way to Troy. Paris approaches and tries to cheer her up by once more declaring his love for her. **(Trust in your heart)**

As the ship docks in Troy a huge crowd has gathered to see what news Æneas brings. It is Æneas's unpleasant duty to tell king Priam that the mission has failed. Paris steps foward to explain but falters under his father's angry gaze.

There is silence until Helen announces that she doubts any attempt at making peace would have worked, as there was a war council in progress even as Paris arrived.

Hector asks who she is that she knows so intimately the workings of King Menelaus's court? Before she can answer, Cassandra steps up and says her name is death and she will bring about the downfall of Troy.

The crowd is shocked, none more so than Priam when Paris introduces her as Helen, the wife of Menelaus, reigning king of Sparta, and that he loves her... Hector tries to lighten the moment but Priam dismisses him and orders Æneas to set sail immediately and return Helen to Greece. **(Welcome home)**

Before anything can happen, Paris grabs a sword and waves them back, making a plea to his father. The crowd are angered and hurl threats and abuse at Paris and Helen, Hector tries to protect the crowd, but they are too angry. Paris is unmoved, and will not change his mind. Act one closes with the ominous announcement that there will surely be a war. **(Come hell or high water)**

End Of Act One

Act Two

It is morning on the ramparts of Troy. The watch gazes anxiously out to sea. Suddenly, one spots a sail, almost at the same time a warning horn blasts out the sighting of another sail. Soon the entire battlements echo with the sound of Sail Ho!.Hector joins the throng urging them not to be afraid and to remember that only the strong will survive the oncoming battle. Stirred by this speech the Trojans rally behind their warchief and man the walls. **(No turning back)**

Such is the passion that Hector has inspired, the Trojans repulse the first wave of assault. A lull in the battle bring a captain to Hector's side with the news that the Greeks have broken through the east wall. They are led by Achilles who is cutting a swathe through the Trojan ranks and much stronger resistance is necessary. Hector is worried by this turn of events as he should lead the counter-charge himself, but he is needed on the battlements.Paris arrives dressed in armour and announces that he is ready to take Hector's place. Hector is unconvinced and explains to Paris that he is hated by both sides. Paris counters by telling him that he is quite prepared to die for Troy as a Trojan and nothing else. Hector is moved by this speech and leaves Paris to take his place on the wall.

Hector leaps to the courtyard and almost immediately encounters Achilles. A short, but furious battle ensues, where neither man gains the upper hand. Achilles' momentum has been halted however, and his men are quickly being routed leaving him alone to face the Trojans. Hector congratulates Achilles on his fighting but reminds him that he is outnumbered. Achilles leaves with the ominous warning that he will be back.

The first battle ends with the Greeks driven back to the coast. Troy is left with the wounded and the dead. Amidst this scene, Paris and Helen meet on the battlements and contemplate their fate. **(For better or worse)** **(Ten years on)**

The Greek camp some years later. Nothing has changed. The Greeks have succeeded in conquering the surrounding areas but still Troy remains defiant - worse, they are starting to make forays outside the walls into the Greek camp.

Achilles is outraged that Agamemnon has stolen a slave-girl who he considers to be his property. Agamemnon dismisses him saying that she is spoils of war.

Achilles is even more enraged and accuses Agamemnon, shouting that he is responsible for the mess they are in now. He then announces to the gathered Greek chieftains that he is no longer a part of this war. He takes off his armour and leaves.

Ulysses is disturbed by this and reminds everyone that without Achilles, the Greek army has no starch. It would be folly to contemplate leaving however, as the Trojans would more than likely follow them and invade them in return.

As if on cue, a Greek soldier enters and breathlessly announces that the Trojans have broken through their blockade and are marching on the Greek fleet. The Greek captains grab their arms and leap to battle. Before they leave Menelaus turns to Patroclus and warns him to find Achilles and make him change his mind or else it will be the end of them.

Patroclus is left alone. He offers a prayer for help. He knows full well that Achilles will not go back on his word and he is lost for what to do.

His prayers are answered when he spies Achilles armour. He tries it on and finds it a near-perfect fit, he makes a passable imitation. With no further thought he leaps into battle.

The ploy is successful to a point, as his appearance rallies the Greeks and they slowly force the Trojans back. When he runs into Hector however, he is immediately engaged in a battle where he is outclassed.

The conclusion is inevitable and Patroclus soon falls, mortally wounded. The Trojans are jubilant and forget the battle to chair the dubious Hector from the field.

(What price a friend?)

The Greeks are stunned and demoralised. They slowly gather round their fallen hero. Ulysses unmasks Patroclus and word is sent immediately for Achilles.

While the Greeks are somewhat relieved to find that it was not in fact who they thought, Achilles is beside himself with grief, and swears to the Gods he will fight one last battle to avenge his fallen friend. He walks to the gates of Troy wearing his blood-stained armour and calls for Hector to meet him man to man.

Up in his apartments, Hector hears the call and prepares to do battle. Helen tries to stop him by offering to give herself up to the Greeks, but is rejected. Paris enters and also tries to stop Hector, but to no avail.

Before he leaves, Hector turns and wishes them both well, telling them that their love is not in vain. **(Love Has Power)**

Outside the gates, Achilles confronts Hector. They launch into each other. A short, but furious confrontation follows, where Hector appears to be gaining the upper hand. But every time he lands a telling blow, Achilles just shrugs it off.

Finally, Achilles stumbles and falls after Hector has managed to connect a hard kick to his heel. Hector charges in for the kill, and is impaled on Achilles' outstretched sword.

A great groan of horror issues from the Trojan audience, and Paris rushes onto the field just in time to catch Achilles, who has only just recovered and is preparing to lash the body of Hector to his chariot.

With a cry of No!! Paris rushes to Hector's side ignoring the still limping Achilles. Hector is not quite dead and manages to tell Paris of Achilles weakness before he dies. Paris is beside himself with grief and hurls himself at Achilles who nonchalantly brushes him aside, to continue lashing Hector's corpse to his chariot. He turns and glares at Paris saying that he will be his next victim.

As Achilles mounts his chariot, Paris is searching frantically for a weapon. He spies a bow and arrow which he grabs and begins firing at Achilles, who seems not to notice.

Paris finally calls to Aphrodite to save him, and the very next arrow flies true, straight into Achilles exposed heel.

With a cry of Yes..... Yes..... Achilles dies, collapsing in the dust, an almost happy expression on his face.

Both warring parties stare at each other across the plain. After a while the stunned onlookers move slowly forward, collecting their dead champions.

Ulysses, disguised as a beggar, confronts Helen to see if she might have some insight into resolving the war, at first she dimisses him, then becomes suspicious. When Æneas threatens him however, she saves Ulysses by pleading for his life as he is just a beggar. She allows Æneas to lead her back into Troy, leaving a pensive Ulysses alone and staring at the heavens.

(The Beggar)

He prays to Athena for help, knowing full well that asking favour from the Gods is inviting calamity upon himself. There is a distant rumbling that grows ever louder. The earth starts to shake, and Ulysses' prayer is answered in the shape of a huge horse that grows out from under him and leaves him astride the monster as he finishes his prayer. **(Ulysses' prayer)**

The Greeks slowly gather round. Awe-struck, they look to Ulysses. He tells them he has a plan involving several volunteers who should hide inside the horse. The remaining Greeks should then pretend to retreat and leave the horse as spoils of war for the Trojans.

When the Trojans are asleep the Greeks should exit the horse and open the gates of Troy to let in their fellow

warriors. Troy would then be at the mercy of the Greeks and the war would be over.

The Greeks are overwhelmed by this plan, and Agamemnon calls for volunteers (who he nominates) and they quickly enter the horse as the remaining Greeks prepare to leave.

Before they do so, one of the Greek guards **(Sinon)** is told to get drunk and pretend that he has been left behind by accident. His mission is to convince the Trojans to move the horse inside the walls, by telling them not to, the logic being that Trojans will do the opposite of what their enemies tell them. **(Horse with no rider)**

Sinon reluctantly agrees and the Greeks exit, leaving Sinon and two other confused volunteers to try to sort out what it is they are supposed to be doing. **(Inside-Outside)**

After the three soldiers have entered the horse and Sinon has collapsed into a drunken stupor, the horse stands alone, huge and menacing.

Cassandra and Laocœn move slowly forward. She is very frightened by this manifestation of her nightmares. She tells Laocœn that it is within their power to save Troy by destroying the horse where it stands.

Just as Laocœn is about to set fire to the thing they are interrupted by an excited Æneas who breathlessly tells them that the Greeks have been sighted off shore, apparently leaving, and it appears by the state of their camp they will not be coming back.

The assembled multitudes of Troy then arrive, led by Priam and Hecuba, who have ventured outside the gates for the first time in years. There is much celebration, which gradually dies down as each one discovers the huge figure of the horse.

Priam suggests that perhaps the Greeks left it as a monument for their dead. Just then the sleeping form of Sinon is discovered, and Æneas bullies him awake.

Sinon gathers his wits about him long enough to tell his story, that the horse is a monument to the Goddess Athena to appease her anger at the Greeks' retreat, and that evil will befall the leaders of the Greek armies if the Trojans accept it as their own.

This idea seems to delight most of the Trojans, who have nearly all lost members of their families during the war. Priam, however, remains unconvinced and asks Laocœn for his opinion. As usual no-one takes any notice of Cassandra.

Laocœn gathers himself and announces that the Gods are not to be trusted, and never should be. The sky darkens and distant thunder roars. He is not to be stopped however, and continues by saying that all the troubles that have fallen on both Greece and Troy are the direct results of interference by the Gods in the role of mankind. He prays for the day when humanity grows up and realises that they dont need Gods at all.

The thunder is getting louder and the sky darker. The crowd is hushed and nervous as Laocœn grabs a spear and says that since the horse belongs to the Gods it is a thing of evil and should be destroyed. With that he hurls the spear at the effigy. It clatters against the side and a low, muffled moan escapes from inside the horse.

The crowd are terrified, but before anyone can investigate the sound a fearsome clap of thunder rolls above their heads, and a bolt of lightening strikes Laocœn down. Serpents slither from the bushes and drag the smouldering corpse away. **(The Balance Shifts)**

Before the stunned eyes of the onlookers, the figure of Athena slowly materialises and solemnly points at the horse and then to Troy.

The Trojans drag the horse into Troy and not to court further disaster by ignoring the will of the Gods. The masses exit dragging the horse with them, leaving the still distraught figure of Cassandra alone on the plain.

Night-time in Troy. The horse stands, dominating the courtyard, where a few stragglers from the last of the parties are winding their way to bed. Paris is in his chambers with Helen, they are both asleep.

As soon as the courtyard is empty, the Greeks slowly exit the horse, and begin silently dispatching the few sleeping guards and signaling from the battlements to their waiting comrades.

Far above the scene Cassandra is pleading with Paris to wake up and save Troy, but of course he cannot hear her. **(Oh Paris)**

With a mighty roar the Greek army rushes through the now opened gates and the slaughter begins.

Paris frantically wakes the half-naked Helen and the two rush onto the balcony, where they meet Æneas who is packing his wife and sons off to the harbour, where his ship is waiting. He concedes that Troy is lost, but there is still a chance for them all to escape. Paris agrees and hands Helen over to Æneas's keeping, saying that he will find his father and mother and meet them at the docks.

The streets are crowded with panicking Trojans and berserk Greek warriors. Paris manages to fight his way to the courtyard of Priam's Palace, where he finds he is too late. The weeping figure of Hecuba is kneeling over the corpse of Priam, who has just been slain by a drunken Greek soldier.

Hecuba is crying and pleading to be left with her dead husband, saying that his last words were of forgiveness to Paris, that he always loved him, and that he should go and start a new Trojan dynasty with Helen, so that the war they had fought so hard and long would not be in vain.

Hecuba continues, that with the death of her husband and homeland, her life is now effectively over and he should grant his mother's last wish - to be at her husband's side when the end comes.

Before he can argue further a crowd of panicking Trojans sweep him away from his mother, Paris finally breaks free and fights his way towards the docks where he sees Æneas, Helen, et al, waiting on the ship ready to cast off. A large force of Greeks is descending on them and they are shouting for Paris to run, RUN!!

Just as Paris is within leaping distance of Helen's arms and safety, Menelaus steps from behind a pillar and fires an arrow straight into his back. His legs give way and he crashes to a skidding halt on the docks. Helen is shouting, NO!! NO!! and attempting to wrestle her way free of Æneas and leap to shore. She finally pushes him away and jumps to the docks where she grabs a sword and hacks away at the moorings. Æneas's ship drifts away into the darkness.

Helen runs to Paris and drags him up bodily by the tunic, almost angry at him, shouting that he cannot die now, not after all they had been through. Paris smiles and says that he will never leave her, as he will always be alive in her heart. His legs give way again as the life slowly runs out of him.

Menelaus arrives. His mood changes from one of worried concern, to confusion, through to despair as he notices the way his wife is caressing the head of his sworn enemy, whispering words of endearment, and crying as though her heart will burst. The moment is broken by a swaggering Agamemnon who arrives and announces that he will be the toast of Greece for this stunning victory. He then prepares to cut off Paris's head as a war trophy. Menelaus whirls on him angrily, drawing his own sword and saying that he would prefer not to have to kill his own brother, but will certainly do so if he touches a hair on Paris's head.

He denounces himself as a proud and foolish old man, who has caused the death of many innocents in his belief that one such as Helen could ever be attracted to anyone but himself. He goes on to say that he would have let her go with Paris if he had known how she felt, as her happiness was always the most important thing to him.

Menelaus moves to comfort her. She turns to him and says; Menelaus, I loved him so! Menelaus replies I know, now I know.

Agamemnon leaves with a captive Cassandra in tow who is almost laughing at him.

Menelaus wraps Helen in his cloak the guards carefully remove Paris corpse. He then swears to Helen that although it is small consolation, he has always loved her and will continue to do so, and if she will consent to stay with him he will try to ease her pain.

He leaves Helen alone with her sorrow. She softly starts to sing the chorus of **Love Has Power**, as she wipes Paris's blood on her face and in her hair. Her voice falters, and is taken over by the chorus. **(Finale)**

The End

The Lyrics

Act One

....Overture- Prelude....

"But there is something you must not reproach me for! The gifts I have from golden Aphrodite. The precious gifts that the Gods lavish on a man unasked are not to be despised, even though he might not choose them if he had the chance!!"

Homer-"The Iliad"

CHORUS:
In an age of Myth and fable, long before Kings were born in stables
Those who courted gifts from the divine,
Would suffer to find, that simple truths, like the dreams of a youth,
Set the wheels of fate in motion.....
The Gods blessed, and so they cursed, for better, or for worse,
Sired children with their human slaves.
They demand blind loyalty, from beggars to royalty,
From the cradle to the grave.
An age of wisdom, madness, and glory,
An age of war and brooding peace,
One chapter from an ageless story, known as Ancient Greece.
Achilles of Thessaly
Cursed with flawed immortality,
Agamemnon of Mycenae,
In turn with ambition,
Ulysses of Ithaca,
Longs for peace and security, long be his road to achieve them,
Menelaus of Sparta,
Is granted the hand, of Helen, to share his throne,
He worships her beauty and thereby is damned
For the Gods have fashioned her image on one of their own.
They'd give with one hand, take with the other,
Mystic schemes, for mortals to discover,
Hidden signs both human and divine.
Half truths, believable lies, a glimpse of glory to covetous eyes
Fashioned scenes where their end justified their means
An age of wisdom, madness and glory,
A time for torment, sorrow or joy,
The Gods watch as their play unfolds, behind the walls of Troy.
Priam and Hecuba,
As regents of the nation seek only for peace and prosperity
Hector of Troy,
Their son, a soldier, a hero, will proudly court his destiny.

APHRODITE:
Paris??

CHORUS:
In love with life and its beauty hears a Goddess call his name,
Will he follow his head or his heart to her; or turn away in vain.

APHRODITE:
Oh Paris, come wander from your fold, and grant me your apples cast from gold.
Answer my call, I can offer it all,
Take me as your reward, be mine Paris, for ever and ever,

CHORUS:
A Princess of Troy, watches over the boy, and prays her senses deceive her,
Only Cassandra can see what the future holds, and only her Priest will believe her.

CASSANDRA:
Oh Paris I saw all from the start, one Goddess, one human counterpart,

CHORUS:

THE GREEKS:
The Gods give and so they take
They praise then humiliate
The King of Troy makes a pledge.....
Understanding and goodwill.
Will this nation ever be the same,
Or will insanity reign?
Heeds the call,
Paris will you see the hidden truth?
Or hide your eyes behind a mask of youth?

THE TROJANS:
So with reason on a razor's edge,
Exploit the pleasure and the pain,
To send his son in search of peace
They destroy then compensate
Lavish love, extol the hate
Now a young man
Bewitched by a Goddess
So the debt is called

You should have known better

(The Temple of the Gods, Troy. Whispered voices.....)

....A head without a heart....

PRIAM:
Well Hector, do you approve of my plan?

HECTOR:
Yes father, it has great merit.

PRIAM:
And what of my choice of ambassador?

HECTOR:
Well...It is nothing if not brave.....
(Cassandra is appealing to Aphrodite and Athena to help her try to convince the people ofTroy that doom is approaching and can be averted. She is blessed with precognition, but cursed with being ignored. The only person in all of Troy that will even remotely believe her is the Priest, Laocœn.)

LAOCŒN:
Oh Aphrodite, seductive and mighty, we bow to the splendour of your love.

CASSANDRA:
Goddess Athena, the wisest demeanour shines like a beacon from above.

LAOCŒN:
One calls to the mind, the other the soul the balance remains an even score.

CASSANDRA:
For to sacrifice one for the sake of the other will lead us to death,
Madness and war!

BOTH:
You're night and day, you're father and mother,
You taught us from the start, to worship one and forsake the other,

CASSANDRA:
Is a head without a heart.

LAOCŒN:
We temper our passions with feelings we ration, so why do I fear, explain to me?

CASSANDRA:
One infatuation brings death to the nation, oh wise Athena, help them see.

LAOCŒN:
Help them!!
Your Oracle calls from these very walls it tells us of one who will not see,

CASSANDRA:
Not some mad Messiah of destruction and fire, just a love-starved youth
Who longs to be free..... But still he can't see...
(Paris appears. He has been listening to them.)

PARIS:
Ah, you see it all with your mystical madness,
But I just dream of playing my part,
You council caution with meaningless words.....

LAOCŒN & CASSANDRA:
Like a head without a heart.

PARIS:
So as I leave sister, please don't grieve, I've learned my part to the letter,
Don't be afraid....

LAOCŒN & CASSANDRA:
You take our hopes, our lives and our future Oh Paris,
You should know better
(The docks, Troy. Æneas and crew are preparing for their voyage. For Paris, it is escape. He stands with his older brother, Hector, smiling and joking. The docks are crowded with well-wishers, there is a carnival atmosphere....)

....Straight Ahead....

PARIS:
I've been hiding in here for 21 years, and I'm ready.
I can feel the rhythm, I've got a lot of living to do.
Oh my sights are high,I've seen apples in the sky, but I've chosen life instead,
Nothing's going to stop me 'cause I'm heading straight ahead.
I'm through with teaching, now I'm out reaching for bigger things,
I've learned my lesson, and no more more messing around.
I've got an itch inside, telling me it's time for action,
And nothing's going to stop me 'cause I'm heading straight ahead.....
I gotta go! I've seen signs saying "Life Ahead"
And I'm going to take my place at the head of the line,

I don't know where I'm going, who cares where I've been,
I only know there's too many places and faces, that I've never seen....
So look out world!! I'm coming.....I'm coming.....Straight ahead,
Well I'm all fired up, aching to sail to another land,
Tempting fate, I can't wait to see the other side.
They may smile, nod and laugh, and never listen to a single word I've said,
But nothing's going to stop me 'cause I'm heading straight ahead.....
Straight ahead!!
Nothing's going to stop me 'cause I'm heading straight ahead.
No nothing's going to stop me I'm heading straight ahead.

PARIS:
Nothing's going to stop me, 'cause I'm heading straight ahead!!!
(. A forlorn Cassandra watches the ship disappear into the sunset.)

....WHAT COULD GO WRONG....

(Paris and Æneas are enjoying the voyage. Evening comes, the air is crisp and clean. They share a wine skin. It is a beautiful still night).

HELMSMAN:
Four bells, all's well, clear night, wind's light...

ÆNEAS:
Out there with the sea sprites singing
Wind and stars to guide us along
Who cares what the fates are bringing, ah what could go wrong?

PARIS:
Out here with the night breeze blowing, seems like she's singing along,
Who cares just where we're going, ah what could go wrong?

HELMSMAN:
Six bells, all's well, black horizon,sea's rising

ÆNEAS & PARIS:
It's the night for magic, out here on the sea
Seems even the Gods must be smiling at me .
And the whole world's a picture, and the wind is a song,
With my friends and I and the sea and the sky, what could go wrong?

HELMSMAN:
Eight bells, and it looks like hell!!

ÆNEAS:
Secure the hold!! Take cover below.....Paris!! Come down from that mast!!

PARIS:
(Up a mast, doing a high balancing act to the horror of most of the crew. He is slightly drunk.)
Don't worry, out here with the storm a-brewing
And the waves just help us along,
The sea's taking us where we're going, what could go wrong?
It's the night for magic out here on the sea
Seems even the Gods must be laughing with me.
And the storm paints a picture and the wind howls along,
With my friends and I, my friends and I, and the sea and the sky
Don't worry!!! What could go wrong?
Don't worry!!!
(Paris is swept overboard by a huge wave.)

ÆNEAS:
PARIS! PARIS.....
(Paris is in the water, swimming, drowning. He has visions, nymphs and satyrs dance before his eyes. He sees Aphrodite beckoning him. He swims towards her.All other visions vanish one by one, except Aphrodite. His feet can touch bottom, he stumbles, exhausted. She vanishes and he collapses.The scene changes around him, shifting to reality. What appears to be Aphrodite is dragging him bodily from the water, watched anxiously by a nervous handmaiden.)

....PERFECT STRANGER....

HANDMAIDEN:
Please your majesty, he seems barely alive,
So little chance of survival,
Surely it would be kinder if he had been taken at sea
And should king Menelaus find out, that you're here alone.....

HELEN:
Are we Gods to decide if he lives or dies,?

HANDMAIDEN:
Well you know he would be angry.....Please your majesty

HELEN:
We'll do what we can, ... after all he's just a man.....

HANDMAIDEN:
But I'll be in trouble!

HELEN:
I'm trying to listen, I can feel a heart beating
It's a miracle that he survived so long in the storm..

HANDMAIDEN:
But what can we do?

HELEN:
Go fetch the fisherman, we need his help...

HANDMAIDEN:
Yes Maam.

HELEN:
We must keep him warm....somehow I'm sure, I've seen him before,
I've no idea how this could be...
Some perfect stranger, why does he seem so familiar to me?

HANDMAIDEN:
(arriving with a slightly bemused fisherman.)
Just like I told you he's here.....

HELEN:
He's some perfect stranger, maybe my imagination's fooling me, foolish me...

FISHERMAN:
Your majesty, please forgive me, I'm not convinced this is right.
Last evening I sighted a galley, searching through the night,
And I swear that her colours were Trojan, and now we find,
From out of nowhere, this poor wretched thing from the sea.....

HELEN:
Oh he's...

HELEN & FISHERMAN:
Some perfect stranger,

HANDMAIDEN:
Oh but he looks so young....

FISHERMAN:
Yes, but any Trojan could be an enemy...

HELEN:
I don't know just what possessed me to come to this place...

HANDMAIDEN:
Oh but surely not he ...

HELEN &FISHERMAN:
Here's some perfect stranger,

HELEN & HANDMAIDEN:
It's been so long since we've been here, so why today?..... Why today?
(Paris has opened his eyes unnoticed to Helen, etc. and is gazing intently at her...)

PARIS:
Aphrodite...It's true....
Here you are, I finally meet you face to face,
I must be at heaven's door and you are worth dying for,
This death feels strange, somehow I breathe and still feel pain,
But I gave you the sun, and now I claim my reward.
Will you stay by me? Aphrodite, sweet Aphrodite, I always knew,
You'd come for me, I always knew....

HELEN:
You jump to conclusions my friend, you are no more dead than I,
Fate shows you favour, we were merely passing by,
But why, when you fought so hard to live, should you wish to die?

FISHERMAN:
There are not many others who'd survive
Such a battle, with the wild Ægean tide,

HELEN & HANDMAIDEN:
It's lucky we were near, lucky we were here,

HELEN:
Strange that I was.....

HELEN & PARIS:
Here you are, I finally meet you, face to face,

HELEN:
Out of the past and into this lonely place.
(Paris has fallen asleep again, a look of contentment on his face. Helen brushes the sand from his hair and generally makes him more comfortable. The fisherman and the handmaiden look at each other, not sure whether to say anything or not. A cloud passes across the sun ominously, and Helen shivers.....)

HELEN:
He has no idea WHO I am....

HANDMAIDEN:
I think he raves, mistress Helen,

FISHERMAN:
I'm sure he isn't from Greece,

HANDMAIDEN:
He called you Goddess, didn't he?

FISHERMAN:
And you shouldn't be here,

HELEN:
He called out a name, meant for me,

HANDMAIDEN:
I don't think that he'll die,

FISHERMAN:
I still think he's a spy,

HELEN:
For me?

HANDMAIDEN:
I don't really know why,

HELEN:
Yet I just answered,

HANDMAIDEN:
He seems so innocent, lonely and helpless when,

FISHERMAN:
He is no innocent,

HELEN:
Why did I do that when

HELEN & HANDMAIDEN:
He's some perfect stranger..

FISHERMAN:
He could mean danger, this stranger, think of the danger,
And as an old friend, meaning no disrespect Majesty,
Remember that you're the Queen,
And he's a stranger....

HELEN:
He sees me as someone that I cannot possibly be, yet I feel that I know him..

HANDMAIDEN:
He sees you as someone that you cannot possibly be,

HANDMAIDEN & HELEN:
He's some perfect stranger,

HELEN:
Help him and care for him until he's well.....
(The handmaiden and old man, struggle with Paris's unconscious form to an old hut to care for him, leaving Helen alone on the beach with her thoughts...)
My stars have told new events will unfold
And my life will be filled with changes.
Yet while I m sought in my husband s court
I m saving perfect strangers. It s strange, strange.

....LONG TIME COMING....

HELEN:
I've had a wish for long years now, a secret thing.
Haunting my nights for long years now, a childhood dream.
I married young, in love with power, a fantasy, soon turned sour,
A memory from ages past, has been a long time coming at last.
Gods and queens aren't allowed to be lonely
They live their lives for their followers only
To be gazed at and worshipped like stars above,
But never, never, never, fall in love.
Its been a long time coming at last,
A long time coming,
A chosen one the Gods have blessed, yet somehow denied me,
I hide the aching emptiness, I feel inside me,
Though the world sees me through different eyes, I'm just a child in disguise,
Playing some role that fate has cast, for a long time coming at last.
A long time coming,
It's been a long time coming.....
A long time....
It's been a long time coming.....

....BUSINESS....

(Menelaus's Court, Sparta. The Greek chieftains are all gathered together for a rare conference, with the notable exception of Achilles. They are agitated and suspicious, glancing warily at Menelaus and his brother, Agamemnon, who was the instigator of the meeting. Behind them, silent and aloof, Helen has taken her place..)

MENELAUS:
Well gentlemen you were asked here for a matter of grave import,
I suggest we leave our differences outside my court.
We all share wealth and power, and many troops in our employ.
And I'm told we share a common enemy, known as Troy.....

ULYSSES:
Well good Menelaus, may I remind you, we are not here by choice,
But more by the lies and tricks of your brother who still hides behind your voice.
But now I'm here you have my ear, but you'll remain in my debt.....
For I'm a worldly man, an intelligent man,
But I never forget..... Agamemnon??

AGAMEMNON:
Ha, ha!! I'm talking about business, Ulysses, the same thing that we're all here for,
Profit, gain, call it what you will, I'm talking about the spoils of war.

MENELAUS:
That's right,
It's business, gentlemen, while we squabble amongst ourselves we find
No future, we're being left behind in business.
That's all, nothing but business.

AGAMEMNON:
That's right Menelaus - (Business) let's wipe the slate clean,
With the greatest army the world has seen for business -
nothing but business.

MENELAUS & AGAMEMNON:
It's business, nothing but business, we hold the world in the palm of our hand
Unite the the world into our own lands with business,
Nothing but business.

AGAMEMNON:
We need a leader!

DIOMEDE:
Well then, who shall we choose?

PATROCLUS:
When does this so-called business begin?

ULYSSES:
Gentlemen, there's always a chance we could lose!!

MENELAUS:
As he's the richest, my brother Agamemnon, I nominate him as the warlord

PATROCLUS:
Ah!! Blood's thicker than water

AJAX:
I vote for Ulysses.

ULYSSES:
Oh no, I'm still not sure what we're fighting for.

AGAMEMNON:
It's business, nothing but business, we can reach out and take the lot,
If we just strike now while the iron is hot for business, in the name of business.

ULYSSES:
Well, you know I'm not one to whimper and cry
No weak-kneed pacifist am I, but there are things in life you cannot buy
Through business, only business.
Now I agree it's good that we should try to forget our quarrels and unify,
But I need a better reason to die than business, purely business.

PATROCLUS:
All this talk of profit, and unity, and greed,
Sounds like idle gossip, like someone's crazy dream.
This so called council of war is sadly incomplete.
You forget my friend Achilles could lay the best of you at his feet.

AGAMEMNON:
It's business, Patroclus, there's no need to rant and shout!

PATROCLUS:
Who's shouting?

AGAMEMNON:
If Achilles is late - he misses out, that's business. Nothing but business!

PATROCLUS:
But was he told?!!

MENELAUS:
So nominate your leader!

DIAMEDE:
I choose Ajax

AJAX:
I vote for Patroclus

PATROCLUS:
I still say we wait for Achilles!!

AGAMEMNON:
I stand for myself!

MENELAUS:
Then let the dice call the trick, highest roll will decide,
Let the Gods take their pick.....
Down to business, gentlemen
First throw, Ajax.

AJAX:
Menelaus

MENELAUS:
Ten

AJAX:
My luck.....Ha ha!!

MENELAUS:
Second throw, Patroclus

PATROCLUS:
If I must.....

MENELAUS:
Three.....unlucky,

PATROCLUS:
Well it's better than two!

MENELAUS:
Your dice, Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON:
Eleven!!!

MENELAUS:
Eleven?

AGAMEMNON:
Eleven
MENELAUS:
The Gods have chosen.....So be it!!

AGAMEMNON:
Ha Ha Ha!! That's business, gentlemen,
The Gods don't want some horn-blowing lout he's too late, Patroclus,
He misses out,

PATROCLUS:
We'll see.

AGAMEMNON:
The Gods know their business.

ALL:
It's business, nothing but business,

MENELAUS:
Fear not we'll all get our share,

AGAMEMNON:
So let every Trojan dog beware it's business and we mean business....

ALL:
It's business, nothing but business.
Nothing but business, we hold the world in the palm of our hands,
Unite the world into our own lands with business,
Nothing but business.
Business, nothing but business,
We hold the world in the palm of our hands,
Unite the world into our own lands with business,
Nothing but business.

AGAMEMNON:
So, it's decided gentlemen, let it commence.
(One or two choruses of instrumental with excited babble about ships and supplies, when gradually the sound of a horn gets louder and louder and everyone becomes aware - the doors burst open and a large menacing figure stands glaring at them.....)

....THE LEADER...

ACHILLES:
Ah hahaha.....
Well, Gentlemen, what have we here??
Well I heard of this gathering, a collection of cut-throats and thieves,
Now I find some so-called friends of mine here, think they can win without me!!
(Patroclus stands to object, but Achilles silences him with a glare.)
SIT DOWN!! Relax!! I am a civilised man, and I know the one responsible,
And all about his plans!!
Well, you rolled the dice, how nice, took your chances one, two, three,
So I fear there's someone here who, thinks he's better than me!!!
Fools play follow the leader, see if I really care,
You go choose you a leader, and let him face me, if he dares!!
No-one? No? Ha! Ha!!!
(A couple of the Greek captains exchange knowing looks. Patroclus is now openly amused at Agamemnon's discomfort.....)

ACHILLES:
Well I heard that the best shall lead but that's not what I see:
And I know only the strong survive, can you survive without me???
Now I can understand a man with ambition,and a hunger for fortune and fame,
But I'll tell you, nothing ever comes to fruition,
Through secrecy, and cowardly games.....
You know men, I thought I had friends?
(Patroclus and a few others shout agreement.)
Who'd stick by me thick or thin,
Well, I say, let the dog have his day, because I play to win!!!
Yeah!!Fools play follow the leader, so what do I care,
You go choose you a leader, and let him face me if he dares.....
WHO DARES? Ah ha Who dares?
(There follows a wild, dangerous exhibition of sword-play, during which Achilles taunts Agamemnon. Helen remains aloof, but of the remaining men there, only Ulysses is unmoved by Achilles' antics. Patroclus and several others are now quite openly laughing. Two of the guards are narrowly missed by a flying sword, one of them faints.....)
So what's the story? Death or glory?
Take your chances one, two, three!!
I see no leaders, just true believers, believe in ME!!!

PATROCLUS:
I was just telling them Achilles,

PATROCLUS & ACHILLES:
You all know who's the leader no matter what they say!!

OTHERS JOIN IN:
We all know who's the leader,

ACHILLES:
But every dog has his day!! Agamemnon, one day!!

PATROCLUS & MANY OTHERS:
We all know who's the leader,

ACHILLES:
I'm the leader!!

PATROCLUS ETC.:
No matter what they say,

ACHILLES:
Or the games that they play,

PATROCLUS ETC.:
We all know who's the leader,

ACHILLES:
Yeah, I'm the leader, every dog has his day,

PATROCLUS:
The Gods know their business Agamemnon!

ACHILLES:
But don't ever, get in my way!!!!
(Paris's chambers, in Menelaus' palace. Helen enters without knocking to find Paris, shaven and dressed in clean clothes. Her handmaiden is with her. Paris kneels before her reverently. Helen is looking very uncomfortable, and is starting to get angry.....)

....ANY FOOL CAN SEE....

HELEN:
Paris! This this has gone far enough!

PARIS:
So we meet again, Aphrodite, sweet Aphrodite,
I always knew I'd dedicate my life to you..

HELEN:
Why the hell don't you shut up and listen!!

PARIS:
What??

HELEN:
You haven't got a clue, you just don't know what's going on.
It's not a palace it's a prison. And they intend to keep you here...
I don't need love-sick strangers,who have no sense of danger,
I don't know why I bother, why should I give a damn?
It's Agamemnon's plan, why can't you understand it?
When any fool could see,

PARIS:
But they seem quite friendly.....

HELEN:
He will murder you when he has used you! You honestly don't know him,
I would trust him just about as far as you or I could throw him,
And Paris would you please, for the Gods' sake just get off your knees.
Stuff your adoration, I don't need complications,
I'm not a Goddess, I am king Menelaus's wife.
And any fool can see we're potential enemies, we're
Still much too close together, I just don't know what I'm doing here....

PARIS:
Here we are standing together

HELEN:
Oh Paris!!

PARIS:
Face to face, heart to heart,

HELEN:
Aren't you listening?

PARIS:
The way we were meant to be,

HELEN:
I must be going mad, don't you understand? It's a TRAP!
You've got to get away !
(She turns to the handmaiden)
Andrusde! Go to the fisherman.We must find to that Trojan galley
And Paris LISTEN!
If we can time it right we'll get past the guards without a fight.
And if we're lucky you'll be sailing for Troy tonight.
Your life is in their hands, why can't you understand me?
When any fool.....

PARIS:
When any fool like me could see, yes I know what you're trying to say,

HELEN:
Oh Paris..... This shouldn't be happening....

PARIS:
So tell me why, if you think so little of me, don't you just turn and walk away?

HELEN:
Any fool could see.....
(Helen is trapped, she has no answer, Paris takes her in his arms and kisses her. At first she resists, but finally responds. Finally she pulls back.)
Any fool could see,
By the Gods, what's happening to me?
We must leave!!!Before it's too late...
(The room appears to be empty for a few moments, until Agamemnon steps out from behind the door. It is apparent that he has heard every word. He stands, lost in thought for a second, before shouting for the guards.)

AGAMEMNON:
Guards, fetch my brother. It seems we have a problem.
(The guards rush off to find Menelaus etc. Agamemnon is left alone smiling to himself.....)
Now I'll show them a leader, now they'll know who's the leader,
They'll play follow the leader, for me!!!
(Enter Menelaus and the others breathlessly).

ULYSSES:
What's going on in here?

ACHILLES:
Just what's the problem here?

MENELAUS:
Ah, Agamemnon, I'm sorry to tell you, that Ulysses and the others don't agree.....
(Agamemnon interrupts.)

AGAMEMNON:
Gentlemen, I remember before how several of you seemed slightly unsure
That the Trojan dogs wouldn't offer a threat, you want a bet?
That smiling fool's had the time of his life,
He laughs at you as he's twisting the knife,
And the price Menelaus, you've paid the price,
He's abducted your wife!!!!

MENELAUS:
Find them!! FIND THEM!!
Bring me back that Trojan pig. I don't care if he's alive or dead,
And if I find some Greek traitor has helped him escape!
Just bring me back his head!!! Move!!!
(There is frantic activity as search parties are organised, even Achilles and Patroclus are startled by the normally placid Menelaus's outburst.)

AGAMEMNON:
So Ulysses, are you with us now? We'll be wealthy men when the battle's done.

ULYSSES:
Ah but what of the Gods Agamemnon,what of the Gods?
Whose side are they on???

....A THIEF IN THE NIGHT....

MENELAUS:
I could have born any insult but this,
My shoulders can bear the weight of a crown,
But he has just stabbed me, right in the heart,
Found the one thing that could bring me down.
Beauty like hers should be wild and free, for all to admire and enjoy,
Not stolen away, kidnapped and caged, by a bloody-handed bandit from Troy.
Now I cannot find the words to console her,
Words I really could have told her so many times,
She was my light, but some thief in the night,
Has taken her and left me blind.....
Now nothing short of death will keep me away.
Each and every living Trojan will rue this day.
When you steal my wife, you steal my life.
Let the Gods bear witness to all I say. All I say.....

He may sail home in triumph, but he's woken a giant,
Let the Gods bear witness to all I say.
(Menelaus, takes one last look at the others, leaving a pensive Ulysses staring into the distance. Helen stands in the stern of the Æneas's Galley, watching her homeland slip from sight. Their escape has been almost magically without problem. She is totally confused, and very depressed. Æneas is brooding. Only Paris seems content. The mood is in direct contrast to their first voyage.Paris takes her in his arms as she softly weeps, he dries her tears and kisses her.)

....TRUST IN YOUR HEART....

PARIS:
Love is such a fleeting thing, don't try to reason why
You'll spend your life remembering, you let it pass you by,
Trust in your heart, to show, which way to go,
You feel it right from the start,
Trust in your heart, be strong, and you'll never be wrong,
There are troubles in store, but they're worth fighting for,
In the end all that counts is, that we took our chances,
I'm sorry, I can't guarantee happy endings.....Trust your heart.....
(It is dawn, the galley is filled with sleeping forms, huddled together. Suddenly, the lookout gives a blast on his horn that is echoed by another from a distance...)

....WELCOME HOME....

PARIS:
Helen, Look, Troy!!!!

LOOKOUT:
Land ho!!! Land Ho!!!
(Helen wakes as the ship nears the harbour. Troy gleams in the morning light. People are gathering at the docks to welcome the ship home. There are smiles of welcome everywhere. In the crowd Paris can spot Priam, Hecuba, Laoccen and Cassandra. He points them out to Helen, who draws nearer to him, afraid of what will happen.)

TROJAN CROWD:
No sweeter sound than the call of your own kind,
No better sight than the shores of your home,
Drink in the air of a part of your being, feel the embraces of one of your own,
North wind, bring them home, sing to me sweet harmony,
Bring them, bring them home, bring them home, safe to me.....
(The ship docks and Æneas, Paris and a very reluctant Helen step ashore. Priam moves forward to greet Paris and Æneas .)

PRIAM:
PARIS! Welcome home my son, I trust the mission went well,
You must surely have some stories to tell,
(Paris is nudged forward by Æneas. He reluctantly steps forward to speak with Helen close at hand.)

PARIS:
Well Father..when I met the Greek Kings....when I tried to explain our position. Æneas perhaps.....

ÆNEAS:
Your Highness, I think what Paris is **trying** to say is that, when we reached the Greek shore...
(Hector is elbowing his way through the crowd.)

HECTOR:
Excuse me....Stand aside....Paris!!
Is what you've done so awfully bad? Have you driven our neighbours mad?
Did you use such eloquence to lure them?
Or did you just go there and bore them?
(Priam and Hector suddenly spot Helen.....)

PRIAM:
Ah, I can see you didn't waste your time you must surely have succeeded,
Far beyond our expectations, to be back home so soon,
With such a charming envoy.....
(Helen is getting annoyed, she pushes forward and confronts Priam.)

HELEN:
I hate to ruin your mood of celebration,
But there's a cloud of danger that threatens you,
Your hopes of trade have been waylaid, your dreams of peace, are shattered too,
Many Kings are gathered now in Sparta, searching for excuses to war,
Agamemnon of Mycenæ called the council,
Long before your mission left these shores.

PRIAM:
Dear lady we have not been introduced,

HECTOR:
But it's plain to see my brother seems to know you, tell me,
What other tidbits of useful information, did your Greek masters,
Decide that they could throw you??

HELEN:
I see with my own eyes sir, no need to patronise sir!
Agamemnon seeks to call all of Greece to arms,
One spark will light a fire, that will eclipse your Empire.
When any fool can see.....
The catalyst is me.....

HECUBA:
Young lady...If all that you say is true, a great battle will soon be fought,

PRIAM:
But who are you,to be confided to, all the workings and schemings of,
Agamemnon's court??
(There is a disturbance, before Helen can answer. Cassandra pushes forward, pointing an accusing finger at her....)

CASSANDRA:
I know her..I've seen her..
(She turns and addresses the crowd, a deathly silence has fallen over them.....)
This woman isn't all she seems, though her face be the stuff of dreams,
She's the bane of every Trojan mother's breath,
Call her horror.....Call her death!!!!
(The moment is broken by an increasingly bored Hector, who moves Cassandra bodily out of his way, in a most undignified manner. There is the odd giggle from the crowd.....)

HECTOR:
Death?Oh by the Gods!!!
I've had enough of omens and warnings
Why is everybody talking in riddles this morning??
(He turns to Paris)
Paris, who the hell is she??
(Paris has rehearsed this a few times in the past few hours.)

PARIS:
When I was drowning, she led me ashore,
When I was imprisoned,
It was she that finally freed me,

HECTOR:
Who imprisoned you?

PARIS: (Plowing ahead)
Courted the anger of those who would kill me,

HECUBA & PRIAM:
KILL YOU??

PARIS: (oblivious)
She sacrificed her throne, to shepherd me to safety,

HECUBA:
I don't understand??

PARIS:
A princess of beauty, a Goddess of state,
a glorious exile who challenges fate,
Spilling Greek blood to effect my escape,

HECTOR, HECUBA & PRIAM:
WHAT??

PARIS:
I owe her my life, and offer I it gladly.
(Paris has finally finished, he stands back smiling at them all proudly putting his arm around Helen before anyone else can say anything)

HECUBA:
Paris.....What is her name???
(Helen once again takes the initiative.)

HELEN:
My name is Helen.. wife to Menelaus....King of Sparta.
(The crowd draw back in stunned horror, as though Helen had just cursed them all. Hector is the only one who doesn't visibly flinch. A slow smile crosses his face, which slowly turns into a huge grin. He slaps Paris on the back.)

HECTOR:
Let me get this straight.....
Paris, you never cease to amaze, you've only been gone for, what?? Four days!!

But in that time you've managed to, destroy all hope of a trade breakthrough,
And not only that, but now you say, you fell in love with their Queen,
So you stole her away, right?? Right!!
Much to the distress of some powerful Greeks,
Well, look on the bright side father, at least he didn't stay for a week!!
Ha ha ha!!! Oh Paris.....
We should have known better!!!!
(Priam, has got over the initial shock and now moves forward, a stern look on his face)

PRIAM:
I see no cause for amusement at all, you've challenged their leaders,
Dishonoured us all,
Such blatant theft, no king can condone, the seeds of war so recklessly sown,
Take her back, damn it , NOW!!!!
(Paris leaps forward, and for the first time in his life, he disobeys his father. He stands between Helen and Priam and addresses the crowd.)

....HELL OR HIGH WATER...

PARIS:
No father!! Never....
Here I'll stand, ready to face you man to man,
I have no rights to redeem, but beg you to understand,
I honour you as my king, but she holds my heart now, and for all time,
So please don't make me defy you, 'cause nothing can change my mind,
For all my life you taught me to fight, for the one thing,
That something I really believe in,
My dream, my cause, my promise, my battle worth dying for,
Come hell or high water, nothing's going to keep us apart,
Bring it all, hell or high water, I have the strength of my heart,
And nothing's going to stop us,

CASSANDRA:
Still my warnings are in vain,
That a love can cause such pain,

PRIAM AND HECUBA:
Son, you divide us as a nation,
Take such chances with our lives,
Undeterred, you torment Trojans and Greeks alike.

PARIS:
So keep your condescending looks, words alone won't hurt me now,
Nothing you can say or do, only death will part us now,
For I love her, I believe she loves me, and if I spend the rest of my life on my knees,
My conscience is free, so don't pass judgment on me!!
I'm going to fight, for the one thing I really believe in.

ELDERS:
How dare you talk about our lives like you own them,
Don't talk about the truth like you wrote it,
You talk about dreams like you've got,
Some kind of monopoly.
(The crowd surges forward in anger, hurling threats and insults. Helen is jostled and Paris is nearly overcome by weight of numbers.)

MOB:
Liar! Cheat!
You treat your people like dirt at your feet.
Sneak! Bitch!
Go find another young fool to bewitch.
Slut! Whore!
You bring the enemy right to our door
Damned! Insane!
You take the chances and leave us the pain.
Sacrificing life for love is just insane.
Fools! Thieves!
You test our loyalty beyond belief
Snake! Leech!
You bring insanity within our reach,
Frauds! Fakes!
We're left to suffer for all your mistakes,
Scabs! Scum!
Destroy our nation by all you have done,
You exceed the rights of leadership for love.
(The guards move forward pushing the crowd back.)

CITIZENS 1 :
You have, no right to gamble
With our hopes, and our lives
You surely can't deny
There's much to justify

CITIZENS 2 :
You don't expect the Greeks
To turn away from such an
affront to their pride.
And now we have to
Pay the price

PARIS:
I don't believe this charade!!!
(The crowd are still venting their anger when Hector stands up to them.)

HECTOR:
Oh, what bravery I've found, this Trojan courage knows no bounds,
Your spirit will amaze the Gods, against such overwhelming odds,
As one Greek woman on her own...
(His words have little effect, the crowd is only being held back by force now.)

MOB:
Slut! Whore!
You bring the enemy right to our door,
You're full of Lies, Cheats!
You treat your people like dirt at your feet,
No more than Fools! Thieves!
You test our loyalty beyond belief
Conceited Frauds! Fakes!
We're left to suffer for all your mistakes,

CITIZENS 1:
You have no God given right
To sacrifice our lives ,
For your.....
For your

CITIZENS 2:
You abuse our trust,
So now we have to suffer
Consequences we despise .

ALL CITIZENS:
Love, come hell or high water, love that has no sense of order,
Throws away our chance to forge a peace, our hopes are gone,
So you dispossess us of our dreams, and the lives of fathers, sons and brothers,
Fall, in pursuit of sheer insanity, we're forced to fight a war,

PARIS & HELEN:
We know we're going to make it, come hell or high water,
A destiny that crosses over borders,
Burning all the bridges, come hell or high water,
Running from enemies who lust for slaughter,
In our haste to warn you come hell or high water
You choose to blame us for their evil orders,
So they set their sights on our destruction and slaughter,
Swear we're going to make it come hell or high water.

PARIS:
So they welcome you so willingly to Troy

HELEN:
You can't expect them to be joyous at the prospect of a war,

CASSANDRA:
You have shattered all their dreams of peace!

PARIS:
I'll not abandon you to their hate,

HELEN:
I've become the object of such bitterness and fear, if I stay, if I leave,

PARIS:
This torment isn't yours alone,

HECTOR:
You're caught between your heart and home,

PARIS & HELEN:
Either way we're

ALL:
Heading for revenge come hell or high water,
A dream of peace turned to relentless slaughter,
With ardent passion they destroy us all,
Ravaged by a hatred that will offer no quarter
Destroy a nation for a favourite daughter,
So we face it all, come hell or high water,
A dream of peace turned to desperate slaughter
Ravaged by a hatred that will offer no quarter
We've got to face it all,
Come hell or high water, Hell or high water,
There's bound to be a war,
This wretched deed will plant the seed
There's bound to be a war!

End Of Act One

Act Two

THE RAMPARTS OF TROY, DAWN:
(The watch endlessly paces, looking out to sea.
Suddenly one stops, squinting and staring. He points....)

LOOKOUT 1: Sail ho!! Sail ho!! East horizon, Sail ho!!

LOOKOUT 2: Sail ho!! Sail ho!!

LOOKOUT 3: Sail ho!! West horizon,
(More and more Trojans gather nervously to watch the huge armada gathering on their shores. Nervous mumblings of;'There's too many of them!!', We are farmers, and merchants...Not soldiers...And all for Paris's SLUT!!! We'll never hold them back!! There must be every warrior in Greece on those ships!! Escape!! Surrender now!!There must be a thousand ships!!' Are heard. The alarm horns are blasting with a fearful din, and for the moment confusion and panic reigns until Hector and three Trojan captains arrive. Hector looks out to sea, then turns to the frightened rabble, they look to him.)

....NO TURNING BACK....

HECTOR:
Yes! There's a lot of them, but they are only MEN!!
They will bleed,and they will die..
And we have our own power-the power of stone and steel...
And the power of our hearts...
If you think there's a reason to live and let live,
If you can find pity and mercy to give,
If you think that love is the rule for all men, well,
I'll tell you brothers, you better think again because there's.....

CAPTAINS:
No turning back,

HECTOR:
It's survival the only law,

CAPTAINS:
No turning back,

HECTOR:
So let the beast inside you roar,

CAPTAINS:
No turning back, no way out,

HECTOR:
Just one choice is yours, you can lay down and die, or put up a fight, but
That's it, there's no turning back.
We are not frightened rabble, we are the proud defenders of Troy!!
With one thought in mind they cross over the waters, to murder your friends, your wives, your sons and your daughters,
So let loose your hatred, that's burning inside, better learn how to kill, It's too easy to die, and there's.

CAPTAINS:
No turning back, etc.....
(Hector organises the ranks. The frightened mob of before are slowly becoming more sure of themselves. They take up the chant.....)

HECTOR:
Who are we??
(There is a half hearted mumble from the crowd about 'defenders'.
Hector grabs one man and literally shakes him!!)
WHO ARE WE??
(This time the answer from the crowd is stronger, much more positive...)

CROWD:
THE PROUD DEFENDERS OF TROY!!

HECTOR:
AND WHAT TO WE BRING??

CROWD:
DEATH TO OUR ENEMIES!!

HECTOR:
YES!!!There's no more wrong, there's no more right,
And there's no rest at all,'til the end is in sight.
So stand with your brothers you've got, now[illegible]
Better get to your posts 'cause right now[illegible]

CROWD:
No turning back, no way out, etc.

HECTOR:
With survival the only law,
Well let the beast inside you roar.
Just one choice is yours you can,
Fight, fight for your right,
Fight for your life!! There's no turning back!!
(The two lovers stand on the battlements alone and sing.....)

....FOR BETTER OR WORSE....

PARIS:
If I could find a way to be with you, in simple harmony,
A simple life to lead and cause no pain, some secret island with no name,

HELEN:
If we were born two thousand years from now, would our love still come first,
And would you find your own way by my side,
Would you still love me for better or worse, for better or worse?

BOTH:
If we could choose our time to live and still have all this love to give,

HELEN:
Would we be exiled like before?

PARIS:
But cause no bloodshed and war,

HELEN:
In say two thousand years or more,

BOTH:
Would I/you still find you/me washed ashore?

PARIS:
I'd find you anyway

HELEN:
I wonder....

BOTH:
Would we still come from poles apart, and somehow share a common heart,
That breaks the bounds of common law,

PARIS:
And somehow breaks down every door,

HELEN:
Would silent accusations cease,

BOTH:
Would we be spared the widow's grief,

PARIS:
I'll love you,

BOTH:
No matter what they say,

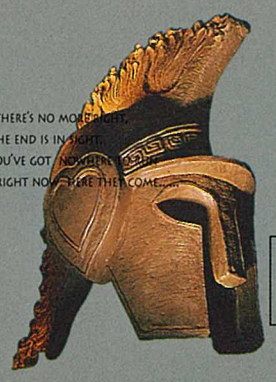
HELEN:
Say that no more obstacles will stand before our happiness,
Oh, Paris...Will it always be this way?

PARIS:
Just simply smile and say you're mine, I'm yours,

BOTH:
Just hold me for a while,
Try to make each moment last forever,

PARIS:
Damn the Gods, damn their tragic curse!!

BOTH:
I'll love you, for better or worse...
(During this the wounded are being treated and the dying are carried away, leaving weeping women and children behind. The whole song is watched over by the Gods who delight in turning the proceedings into some kind of eerie wedding ceremony. More time passes in slow motion as battles are fought and refought in dreadful silence.)



....TEN YEARS ON....
....WHAT PRICE A FRIEND?....

PATROCLUS:
Agamemnon, you divide us all, with your bitching and brooding,
You feast on power and fortune, and seem to relish petty feuding,
Menelaus, I indulge your grief, your dignity and your pain,
Yet in your grieving bitterness, has your vengeance lost its aim,
What price a friend? What price a friend?
(He is pacing, and collecting odd items of Achilles' armour as he sings.)
Oh, Achilles.The blood-stained killer,
With your strength comes your wounded pride,
Well I know your facade, for I have heard,
the child that weeps inside,
Am I a part of you? Are you a part of me?
My sometimes father, my sometimes son,
your word is my bond to the end,
What price a friend? What price a friend? What price a friend?
Well it's **this** price my friend.....
(He lifts Achilles' helmet and places it on his head, then the breastplate and cloak. He makes a passable imitation. He waves his sword menacingly, then spies Achilles' horn. He lifts it and blows it four times before sprinting from the room.....Patroclus joins the Greeks on the beach, his appearance immediately rallies them and they spearhead the Trojans back towards Troy. Suddenly the Trojan phalanx parts leaving Patroclus face to face with a very menacing looking Hector.)

PATROCLUS:
Ha, you're afraid of me Hector!!

HECTOR:
Never..... You're not Achilles!!

PATROCLUS:
Prove your doubt...Face me!!!! Coward...
(Patroclus, faced with no other alternative frantically attacks Hector, trying to drive him back. Hector defends himself warily until the opening comes and he quickly stabs Patroclus through the heart. The two combatants stand locked together for an instant until Patroclus slides slowly to the ground.Hector stands back, disbelieving. The Greeks are stunned and fall back, but fortunately they have already taken the edge off the Trojan attack, and the Trojans are content to retreat, chairing Hector off the field and cheering wildly.)

....LOVE HAS POWER....

HECTOR:
Paris...There's no surrender, and there's no real goodbyes,
While you still remember, the fire in her eyes,
Sometimes you suffer, but you learn to take the falls,
And you find out, that it's better to love and lose,
Than to never love at all,
and remember,
Through the passion and anger,
All the heart-ache and pain,
Love has power, love has power,
It can lift you up, or it can drag you down....
No one said life was easy, no one can really explain,
Why all the things that bring you pleasure,
Are the same things that cause you pain,
So just keep your heart open, and try to answer its call, and remember,
If your love's not worth dying for, it's worth nothing at all.....
Nothing at all.....

ALL:
Through the heat and the anger, all the destruction and fear,
(The crowd has gathered around him now, linking hands to give him strength, touching him and listening intently.....)

ALL:
Love has power, love has power,

HECTOR:
Enough to lift you up, enough to drag you down,
It's all true, and it's my gift to you.
(He gathers his weapons to him as the crowd turn to him in unison.)

ALL:
Feel the heat of their anger,

HECTOR:
Oh you've got to reach down inside.....It's waiting for you!

ALL:
They're outside waiting for you,
Love has power, love has power,

HECTOR:
Enough to lift you up, love can drag you down, just remember.....

ALL:
Love has power,

HECTOR:
Never surrender,

ALL:
Love has power...

HECTOR:
Love can lift you up, love can drag you down,
Just remember.....

ALL:
Love has power.

...THE BEGGAR...

BEGGAR: (Ulysses)
You're looking well, mistress Helen,

HELEN:
Pardon? What do you want??

BEGGAR:
Time treats you kindly, I can see,

HELEN:
Can't you see I'm..... Oh go away!!

BEGGAR:
Please, spare a few words for a beggar, who is far from home,
Tired and lost for an answer, perhaps you can solve,
How, without more death can this hopeless war be resolved,

HELEN:
I'm tired too sir, and I've no answers,
But if blood were a currency you'd be a rich man today,
(She wonders why this beggar will not look at her directly, she grabs his sleeve. He pulls away defensively.)
Who are you sir??

BEGGAR:
Just a stranger....

HELEN:
You're no beggar!!
Somehow I'm sure I've seen you before,
I've nothing at all left to say...
(Æneas is watching cautiously. He approaches the Beggar drawing his sword.)

ÆNEAS:
Stay away from the woman beggar, if you value your life..

HELEN:
No, no, Leave him!
He's just a stranger. He is no threat to me,
Grant him his freedom to leave. He is nothing....just a stranger,
Searching for answers, no mortal can give.....
Please.....Let him live.....
(Æneas looks at her quizzically for an instant, then shrugs and moves off, leading her away. The Beggar/Ulysses stands alone in the dust and raises his eyes to the gods.)

....ULYSSES' PRAYER....

ULYSSES:
I am not one, who would run for cheap advice,
I've never sought divine assistance, the end is never worth the price,
But this time we dance to a different tune, that none of us should play,
Caught by madness, like friend like foe, shouting words, none of us should say,
Ah, but I can recognise failure, I can stare it in the face,
I know when a game is over and when to vanish without a trace,
Vengeance, glory, wealth, and power,
count for nothing now,
Just life or death, in this final hour, is all the Gods allow....
I've never been, one to beg or plead, I've never believed in magic,
When my wits and my courage are all I've needed,

But oh, Athena, if you're really there, answer this mortal's prayer,
Let passion rule for the lovers and the fools,
When victory's earned by a different rule.
This prayer's for the living, these tears for the dead,
I pledge my life, my soul, I give you my all, my heart and my head,
This war is a tragic folly, we must end it somehow,
Help me Goddess, I care not how, but do it, and do it now!!!!!
(There is a slow rumbling as the very earth moves. Ulysses is thrown off balance. A wild storm is brewing, the wind rises to a shriek. With a fearful clap of thunder, the earth parts from under Ulysses' feet and a huge, black monolith in the shape of a gigantic horse rises slowly from the earth, to finally tower thirty feet or so in the air, with Ulysses, still mounted astride it. The vengeful voice of Menelaus rises above the cacophony.)

MENELAUS:
Nothing short of death will keep me away,
Each and every living Trojan, will rue this day,
Let all their descendants, cry out for vengeance,
For the Gods have born witness to all I say.
(The Greeks slowly gather round the huge menacing monument, awe-struck. The thunder dies down as Ulysses addresses the assembly.)

ULYSSES:
So fellow warriors, our last stand, the Goddess Athena has shown her hand,
This monument to wisdom, and the treachery of man,
Is hollow inside and I have a plan!
Oh I know I'll be punished, and driven to despair,
But desperate times, breed desperate men, so Athena do your worst, I don't care,
I've lost sight of honour, or just what must be done,
We've no cause to rejoice we have no choice, this war must be won,
When anger and passion trapped us,
I should have known from the start,
There is no doubt the only way out, is a head without a heart.....
(Agamemnon is never slow on the uptake, or one to let an opportunity pass him by.)

...THE HORSE WITH NO RIDER...

ULYSSES:
This horse with no rider shall carry us all, Agamemnon,

AGAMEMNON:
Yes!! This is a prize that they'll never resist
There are some volunteers, we should enlist.
Some of you Spartans would make a good choice!
How'd you like to spend some time in a horse???

THESITES ETC:
Oh no!!! Leave it out!!! Come off it!!

ULYSSES:
Just a little cunning to perfect this plan, not too obviously underhand.

DIAMEDE:
And to make sure they move it inside their walls
We need to find a stooge, a fool.

AGAMEMNON:
Sinon!! You're perfect!! Hurry up and get drunk,

SINON:
Wha???

AGAMEMNON:
We'll leave you behind, they'll have mercy on a man who appears to be
Out of his mind!!!

SINON:
Thank you....I think! Mind you, I could murder a drink!

AGAMEMNON:
Now move!.....
(Sinon dutifully grabs a wine skin and starts drinking. Some Greek "volunteers" are climbing reluctantly into the horse while Sarcuthus and co. gather around Sinon, who is explaining the plan.....)

TALTHYBIUS;:
What is going on here?

...INSIDE OUTSIDE...

SINON:
Well now we're on the outside, trying to get inside,
And as usual they've decided, it's us for the danger zone,

TALTHYBIUS:
Oh-ho?

SINON:
Wouldn't you know...
Then once we're on the inside, right?
We'll show them who's the best side,

THERSITES:
Oh, yeah!!

SINON:
We'll kick 'em up the backside, go outside and go home.

THERSITES:
So they built this horse????

SINON:
Yeah, they want you to get inside,

TALTHYBIUS:
They what??

SINON:
Kind of hide up in the front-side,

TALTHYBIUS:
Who's idea was this?

SINON:
Then the wrong side come out, drag it inside of the gate,

TALTHYBIUS:
While we wait ?

THERSITES:
Eh??

SINON:
That's it! So now you're on the inside, like, inside on the inside!

THERSITES:
Oh I got it!! Then we sneak outside, inside and open the gates,

TALTHYBIUS:
Yes, and let in our mates....Ha Ha!!

ALL THREE:
We're inside outside, waiting to get inside,

THERSITES:
Outside!

TALTHYBIUS:
What side???

ALL:
And we'll be holding our breath,

SINON:
Scared half to death,

ALL:
Sounds like suicide,

SINON:
I wanna get outside inside

THERSITES:
Inside

TALTHYBIUS:
Outside?

SINON:
Inside!

ALL:
So I can go home.

TALTHYBIUS:
So once we're on the inside,like, **OUTSIDE** on the inside, yes, that's it!!

THERSITES:
Let the right side inside, hurry to the outside, and wait I suppose!!!

SINON:
You got it son! Waiting by the seaside,

TALTHYBIUS:
Oh, that side!!

SINON:
For our side to come outside,
Then we're catching the first tide,

THERSITES & SINON:
Lookout on the port side.

TALTHYBIUS:
It's all Greek to me!!!

ALL THREE:
Oh inside outside, waiting to get inside,

THERSITES:
Outside!

TALTHYBIUS:
What side??

SINON:
And we're holding our breath,

THERSITES & SINON:
Yeah we're scared half to death

ALL:
It sounds like suicide,

SINON:
But we gotta get outside,

TALTHYBIUS:
Offside

THERSITES :
Inside!

ALL THREE:
If we wanna go home!!!!
(They are all getting into the wine now.They start to dance: Greek of course).

SINON:
C'mon boys, trip the light fantastic....

TALTHYBIUS:
Where is my kaftan??

SINON:
Grab me hankie....

THERSITES:
Eh??

SINON:
Do you come here often??

THERSITES:
Not if I can help it!

SINON:
All aboard for Troy!!

TALTHYBIUS:
Watch my sword!!

THERSITES: (stabbed in the bum)
A-HA!! (Talthybius laughs evilly)
Mind that blade oy!!
(They are all really drunk by now)

ALL:
Oh inside outside, waiting to get inside,

SINON:
That's the cream of the force in the guts of a horse

ALL THREE:
It sounds like suicide,

SINON:
Such a monumental task...

THERSITES:
Enormous!!

SINON:
Such a monumental farce,

TALTHYBIUS:
It's crazy, crazy!!

SINON:
'cause while the heroes do the fighting, you'll be hiding up a horse's....

THERSITES & TALTHYBIUS:
What??

SINON:
Ask yourself, what do you think??
(Sinon trips and falls,Thersites tries to help him up and gets a belch in the face for his trouble.)
Let's do it again!!!

ALL:
We're inside outside, waiting to get inside,

TALTHYBIUS:
Good thing I'm on the thin side!!

THERSITES:
Eh???

SINON:
It's a bloody big hack,

THERSITES & SINON:
There's room at the back,

ALL THREE:
So hop in for the ride,

SINON:
And we all can get inside,

THERSITES:
Outside,

TALTHYBIUS:
What side??

SINON:
Outside!!

ALL THREE:
And we can go home,

THERSITES:
Where??

SINON:
Back to Greece!!

TALTHYBIUS:
Back to my [little darling**] at last....

THERSITES:
Shut the door!!!!
(The Greeks have moved off after making sure the horse is just in view of the ramparts of Troy. The horse stands alone. Silent, huge and menacing. Cassandra and Laoccen approach cautiously.)

...THE BALANCE SHIFTS...

CASSANDRA:
The balance still shifts, beware all Greeks bearing gifts,
For they will return, to pillage and burn,
Why waste my breath, when will they learn?

LAOCCEN:
Ah, Cassandra!!
I have always believed you, but what can one priest do?

**non-referred Greek translation, courtesy Mr. Roussos.

CASSANDRA:
Your role was cast from the very beginning, my friend,
You are the object of the losing, and the winning.
If you destroy this thing before night falls,
Your sacrifice will save us all,

LAOCŒN:
You sound sad little princess, do not cry, I am ready, if I must die,
For if this monster is how the Gods conspire,
Let us see what happens when we
Set it on fire.....
(He is interrupted by the alrm, it is almost immediately answered from the ramparts with cries of "Sail Ho!!" As a breathless Æneas runs in...)

LOOKOUT:
Sail ho!! Sail ho!!

ÆNEAS:
Good princess good priest, stop your grieving, our prayers are answered,
The Greeks are leaving, look, see, they sail into the sun,
They've given up,
It's over....We've won!!!!....They're leaving, look, we've won...
They're leaving.... we've won...
(Shouts and cheers from the gathering Trojans as they realise the truth.)

CITIZENS 1:
No better feeling than peace in your homeland,
No more lost hope, no more tears to cry now,
No more destruction or fear for your loved ones,
Lay down your weapons,
And take up the plough.

CITIZENS 2:
South wind, send them home, while we sing of victory,
Send them, send them home, sail them off to history.
(Other Trojans are arriving, laughing and cheering wildly, embracing each other with joy. Slowly they take notice of the horse and a hushed silence falls over them. Priam enters.)

PRIAM:
It seems, the Greek retreat was not all that swift,
Hecuba.... look!!
They took the time to leave us a gift,!

HECUBA:
Are you sure it's a gift Priam?
They must have built this thing just before they fled,
As a monument, perhaps for their dead....
(Æneas gestures towards a previously unnoticed Sinon, lying prone by the bushes.)

ÆNEAS:
The dead were the last thing on their minds,
Look, see, they've left one behind.
(A guard furtively nudges Sinon with his foot. Sinon, mutters and rolls over. The guard bends over him, then stands up a huge grin on his face.)

GUARD 1:
It's true your majesty he looks like death,

GUARD 2:
But you should just smell his breath,

ÆNEAS:
It was no Trojan weapon that made him fall,
But a Greek wine-skin, he's drunk that's all..
(There is much laughter, enough to wake Sinon who stares around him fearfully. Æneas crosses to him and hauls him to his feet. He is jostled and pushed from one to the other, bullied and generally made sport of.)

GUARDS:
No greater drunk than a Greek with a skinful!
(Some Trojans are not so gentle, however and cries of kill him!!
Cut through the general merriment.)

GUARD 2:
This prisoner is a damned disgrace to his race.

GUARD 3:
He'd be better off dead!!

GUARD 2:
Yes, let's cut off his head!!
(Finally Æneas and some guards have to rescue him. Sinon gestures to the crowd.)

SINON:
I guess that's fair for a prisoner of war, you could cut off my head,
It couldn't hurt any more!! (But do it quietly will you!!!)

PRIAM:
You live while you speak, you pathetic little man!!
Just what IS this thing? What does it mean?

SINON:
What thing?

PRIAM:
THAT thing!

SINON:
What thing?

PRIAM:
THAT THING!!!

SINON:
Oh.....That horse is an offering of praise from the Gods
(Er, I forget which one)
But to move it at all, will bring Greece undone. Serve 'em right,
They leave the innocent behind.....
So you've beaten those bastards !
Well it serves them right, still you've got to admit,
it was one hell of a fight!
(I'm on the fence, I'm not into violence.)
This is a gift for you all to enjoy.
A symbol of triumph to the people of Troy,
But the Gods have decreed that all Greece will fall
The minute you stable it inside your walls.

PRIAM:
The spirits you quote, seem to grow on a vine,
We have a true servant of the Gods.
Stop wasting my time!!

SINON:
You're all the same you kings!

PRIAM:
Priest!! What do the Gods make of this???
(All eyes turn to Laocœn. He moves slowly to the horse, then turns and stares at Cassandra)

LAOCŒN:
I am no slave to the Gods anymore,I renounce the struggle,
Of passion and law. For I pray for the day that they will fall,
When men realise, we don't need them at all, so.....
(There is a clap of thunder as Laocœn approaches the Horse.)
No matter what they say, or try to do,
The final decision, rests with you!!
Farewell sweet Cassandra, my part is now played,
I'll challenge the Gods!! For I am not afraid!!!
(At the conclusion he hurls the spear savagely at the side of the horse. It echoes hollowly, followed by a groan which seems for all the world to come from the horse.)

CASSANDRA:
Nooooo!! Don't take him!!!!!!
(There is a huge clap of thunder and Laocœn is enveloped in a ball of flame, which totally engulfs him.)

...OH PARIS...

CASSANDRA:
Oh Paris, I saw all from the start, you lusted, and trusted in your heart,
Oh Paris.....
The Gods laugh while history will say,
Your love was too high a price to pay,...Oh Paris....
Oh Paris, open your eyes, the world rushes by,
Your people cry....Look out Paris
You should have known better..
Oh Paris, you should have known better
Oh Paris.....
Oh Paris, your seed will never bud.

THE GODS:
You should have known better!

CASSANDRA:
It's drowning in our whole nation's blood.

THE GODS:
You should have known better!

CASSANDRA:
Oh Paris,
Oh Paris, your time is near, destiny's here
Your people hide in fear,

ALL:
Look out Paris, you should have known better... Oh Paris!!

CASSANDRA:
What have you done?

THE GODS
Oh Paris, you should have known better...

CASSANDRA:
With a thousand longboats, over ten thousand men,
They came and they stormed the walls, again and again and again,
They came with sword and fire, they came to burn it down,
So watch the flames grow higher, 'cause they're inside this town.
Oh Paris...

THE GODS
You should have known better...

CASSANDRA:
Oh Paris..
You should have known better!!!
(With a hushed thud the trapdoor slides open and the Greeks stealthily creep out. Moving to the gate.)

VOICE OF ULYSSES:
You can't destroy the walls of Troy by means of force,

THE GODS:
You should have known better !

VOICE OF ULYSSES:
When spears and swords and arrows fail...Use a wooden horse..

THE GODS:
They should have played fairer...

CASSANDRA:
Oh Paris....
(One quick movement and the gates swing wide, while one Greek waves a torch from the battlement. The carnage begins as the Greeks start to slaughter all around them. Hundreds more pour through the open gates. One Trojan has time to sound the alarm before dying. Some Trojans, roused from their sleep, grab whatever weapons they can, but they are without armour. Nevertheless they put up a valiant fight. The Trojans are slowly driven back. With a despairing cry, Paris hurls open the drapes to look upon the carnage below. Cassandra keeps singing as he frantically wakes Helen and searches for his sword.)
Oh Paris, theres nowhere to run.

THE GODS:
For the Gods' sakes!!

CASSANDRA:
Every mother's son

THE GODS:
For the Gods' sakes!!

CASSANDRA:
Condemns what you've done,

ALL:
Look out Paris,
You should have known better!

CASSANDRA:
Open your eyes,

THE GODS:
For the Gods' sakes!!

CASSANDRA:
The world passes by,

THE GODS:
For the Gods' sakes!!

CASSANDRA:
Your people will die!!!
Look out Paris, you should have known better!!!

THE GODS:
Love is a flower that will die in the darkness,

CASSANDRA:
Oh, Paris, you should have known better!

THE GODS:
Fate is a stone that's as cold as it's heartless,

CASSANDRA:
Oh, Paris, you should have known better!

THE GODS:
Paris can you see the hidden truth?

CASSANDRA:
Look what you've done

THE GODS:
Still you hide behind the mask of youth!

CASSANDRA:
You never listen to me, you never listen to me.

THE GODS:
Paris, can you see the hidden truth?

CASSANDRA:
What HAVE you done???

THE GODS:
Still you hide behind the mask of youth!

CASSANDRA:
Oh Paris, you should have known better.

...FINALE...

(Paris grabs the semi-naked Helen and runs to the battlements where he almost collides with Æneas who is desperately rallying his family around him.)

ÆNEAS:
Curse their evil magic! We must take to the sea,

PARIS:
We've been fooled Æneas ? Oh, I don't believe it!!
Seems even the Gods must be angry with me.

ÆNEAS:
All is lost, we've got to escape! We must find the king, before it's too late!

PARIS:
NO!!! First we must rally our forces....try to drive them back.
The Gods will take our side, and surely they'll .....
Æneas grabs him and shakes him angrily....

ÆNEAS:
The Gods have deserted us Paris...There's no turning back.

PARIS:
DAMN THEM THEN !!!Take Helen to the boat Æneas,
I must gather the family, I'll follow behind,
We must salvage some hope from this slaughter!

HELEN:
But where can we shelter Paris? We have nowhere to run!

PARIS:
Then we'll start again... Quick Helen!!!
(Æneas grabs Helen and heads off as Paris leaps from the ramparts to the street frantically running towards Priam's chambers past the carnage that is happening all around him. He arrives to find a weeping Hecuba, lying over the prone form of Priam. Chaos reigns all around.)

PARIS:
The Greeks have entered the city mother...Oh, no...
Not this....Mother, is he??

HECUBA:
We enter a phase of change in our nation,
A sad farewell..... A last farewell....

(Paris moves to lift his mother and take her to safety.)

PARIS:
Mother, you can't stay here...

HECUBA:
I'll never leave my husband's side,
Though his dreams may have been denied him,
My place is beside him.

PARIS:
But if you stay, they'll.....
(He tries to help her rise again, but she pushes him away.)

HECUBA:
Don't let the love we fought for,for so long, that has taken my son,
And my husband, take you too!!
He never blamed you..... He always loved you.
(Paris weeps as he is jostled to his feet by a crowd of Trojans who are desperately trying to escape from the main Greek vanguard. He shouts MOTHER.....COME!!!! but to no avail.
She is lost... Paris finally breaks away from the mob. He leaps and runs, frantically towards the docks where he finds Æneas's galley ready to sail, just about to cast off.
Æneas is on deck shouting for him to hurry, Helen stands beside him. The ship is straining at the dock, Paris sprints towards safety and Helen's waiting arms, when he is spotted by a Greek Captain who calls to Menelaus.)

GREEK CAPTAIN:
Menelaus look!!The abductor is trying to escape....

MENELAUS:
Give me your bow..
(So saying, he takes the bow, and fires an arrow straight into Paris's back. Paris stumbles and falls. Helen leaps from the ship without hesitation and rushes to his side, Æneas calls out at her to get back, but she takes Paris's sword and cuts the ropes free from the dock. Æneas and crew fade into the darkness as the ship drifts from the dock. She bodily lifts Paris upright and stares into his face.)

HELEN:
PARIS!!!! Oh No!!! Get up!! Paris please!! You can't die, not now!!
After all that we've been through. You said we'd be together,
Come hell or high water, nothing's going to keep us apart.....
(Paris's legs are going, his weight is too much for Helen. He slides to the ground, Helen is desperately trying to keep him upright. He grabs her hands and tries to smile.....)

PARIS:
I never guaranteed happy endings,I love you.....

HELEN:
And I'll always love you....Oh Paris....
(The truth slowly dawns on poor Menelaus, he turns to Ulysses, a haunted look in his eyes.....)

PARIS:
Hold me now, I will be with you always,
In my disguise, hiding behind your eyes.
(Paris's arm flops to his side as he dies. Ulysses is about to say something but is interrupted by a swaggering Agamemnon who has Cassandra in chains. He sees Paris' corpse and moves towards it.)

AGAMEMNON:
There he is!! One last trophy for the victors of war,
One last bit of business to even the score for our dead...
Let's take his head!!
(Menelaus rushes forward and grabs a startled Agamemnon, forcing him to the ground. He waves his sword menacingly.....)

MENELAUS:
Don't make me kill you brother....
Just how much blood must be shed for revenge,
Are you inhuman, or callously sane?
Our mission is won, and yet I have lost,
For so many have died, for the pride of a fool,
I can't even find the words to console her,
I've killed the very man she loved, all because I was blind,
I left it too late to extinguish this hate,
Oh Helen, if only I'd known....If only I'd known....
(Agamemnon is trying to retain his bravado, he struggles to his feet and looks to Ulysses who stares back impassively. Then to Cassandra, who laughs at him. He grabs her and pushes her before him as he leaves....
Menelaus crosses to Helen who is still clinging to Paris. He lays a hand on her shoulder, she looks up at him.)

HELEN:
Menelaus, how I loved him so,

MENELAUS:
I know Helen. Now I know.....
Kings and Queens aren't allowed to be lonely,
They live their lives for their followers only,
but they have dreams and memories,
And those who forgive them, and love them too.....
(Helen, in tears holds Paris's body to her)

HELEN:
Sleep now my love, we'll never part,
You will always be in my heart,
My prince, my strength, my life, my love....
Love has power....
Love has.....
Oh Paris.....
(She breaks down as Menelaus, Ulysses, and some guards carefully lift Paris's corpse and exit. Cassandra, then the chorus take up the chant.)
Love has power....Love has power.....
Enough to lift you up, enough to drag you down...
Trust in your heart.....Be strong, and you'll never be wrong,
There are troubles in store, but they're worth fighting for....
Never surrender, always remember,
Love has power,never surrender....Love has power,always remember...

THE END

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Jon English